NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES



JUNE - 1956

NORTH ANDOVER HIGH SCHOOL NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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NORTH ANDOVER HIGH-LITES

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TO THE FUTURE!

Though we, the members of the Class of 1956, are already looking forward to graduation with eager anticipation, we also realize that we are leaving behind some of the happiest as well as most important years of our lives. Though our four years of high school seem to have flown by, we know the friendships made and the knowledge and experience gained throughout this period have left an indelible stamp upon our minds and hearts, and have helped mold and prepare us for any future undertakings.

For some of us, graduation will mark the end of school life and the embarkation upon a completely new phase of our lives—that of career or family. For others, graduation will be merely a temporary stopping point on the road to a higher education. For all of us, graduation will be an important milestone in our lives—one that will mark the beginning

of our adult lives.

May we prove ourselves fully able to cope with all the difficulties as well as joys and pleasures ahead, and may we help continue the fine reputation given our school by generations of N.A.H.S. graduates.

Frances Broderick, '56

WHY NOT JUST SIT?

* * * * * * *

When it comes to sneaking up on wild life in the woods, we could best be compared to a horse on snowshoes. Any old alley cat can beat us all in stalking.

"So what?" you ask.

So let's get smart. Let's let the animals stalk us. Sit down somewhere

and give them a chance

Of course, you can't sit anywhere. Animals don't just wander around aimlessly. Along any low saddle dividing swamps, for instance, you should find signs of wild life. In open country, two patches of woods might come together. If you look where they come the closest, you might find tracks. Or look along a stream bank.

When you find signs of life, pick a good spot to sit. Pick a spot more or less out of sight, because you aren't going to sit rock-still.

"What will I see?" you ask.

Nobody knows. That's half the fun of it. Just be set for whatever comes along. You may see just common animals, but since they don't know you are watching them, you may learn new things about them.

I've seen gray squirrels, but I never saw one building a nest. Squirrel homes look like a mess of sticks and leaves stuck in a tree as though

left there by a passing hurricane.

One day I was sitting on a clump of grass near a brook. Thumpthump-thump! Out of the brush bounded a snowshoe rabbit, with two hops. On his second hop he landed in the water. But did he hop right back out of the water? Not he. He had his troubles. Plop-plop-plop he went, deeper and deeper. Suddenly he dropped from sight, and not until then did he seem to realize he was in the river. He turned toward shore and swam for about eight or nine feet. He moved through the water with such a surge that he brought his head and shoulders out of the water, only to sink back almost out of sight. Finally his kickers reached the bottom and he plopped to dry land.

I had to know what had bothered that rabbit so much. About thirty feet from shore, at a muddy spot near the brook, I found out—a bobcat track, two inches across. That was enough to drive any rabbit into

the lake.

So when you go into the woods to sit, you never know what will happen. Take a chunk of curiosity along, and you won't come back emptyhanded. And remember, just sitting is easier than trying to slip through the woods like an Indian. John Gallant. '57

SKIN DIVING

The newest and fastest growing sport in the world today is skin diving which might mean roaming around the surface of the sea to fish. take photographs, or just be amazed at the wondrous sights. Skin diving is easy and inexpensive. All that is needed in the line of equipment is a mask, flippers, and possibly a bathing tube, and, oh yes, a bathing suit.

The sport is an adventurous escape from the realism of life, like a visit to a planet. You weigh so little that you can climb walls with a thrust of your flipper. Fish swim about you, glance in your direction, then scatter for parts unknown. You are majestically alone in a world of realistic make-believe.

Most exponents of skin diving are mainly interested in fishing.

They usually use a gun, powered by a rubber band.

A swimmer paddles along until he locates a fish. Then he submerges gently, trying not to scare his prey. He has not more than a minute or so to get to his target, shoot, and bring his catch to the surface, for his time is limited without proper breathing apparatus.

I feel skin diving is one of the world's finest sports, exciting and relaxing at the same time, and it can be enjoyed by all wherever there is George Haigh, '57

water available.



LITERARY

TREASURES

A pretty stone flecked with gold, a silver sand-covered dollar, a shell with strange dimensions, or a piece of driftwood—these and many more are the treasures left behind by the ebbing waves of the sea. The pile of rocks is uncovered by the lowering tide, and there one can find

the land of the crabs, a tiny starfish, or a million snails.

The sun baked sands are where these treasures lie waiting to be found by some playing child, to be picked up by small chubby hands and admired with awe. A piece of drift wood is just the place to sit and watch the ballet of the gay little sand pipers or the soaring gulls. The gentle sea breezes carry the cry of the gulls or the wail of the melancholy fog horn. Most beautiful of all is the broad and beautiful sea, like a giant jewel shimmering in the golden sunshine, beyond which lies the strange, mysterious wonderland of a child's imagination.

Your material wealth might never be increased, but your wealth of beauty can be enriched beyond words by the sight and sounds of the sea.

Kathy Sztucinski, '57

THE BARN

It was nearing dusk as I pulled up the rusty latch on the small door leading into the big red barn. Although I was slightly in awe of what the old beams and rafters might hold in store, I softly tiptoed in.

Someone had heard me! I felt something soft rubbing against my legs, and I looked down to discover a cat at my feet. She asked me (in the way cats will) to follow her. She led me up a flight of old creaky stairs into the hayloft. It was then that I heard a number of little "mews." I found that the cat and I were not the only occupants of the barn, but there were several little kittens, also. They won my attention for awhile, but then I realized I had the whole barn to explore.

I started my expedition by climbing up another flight of stairs. On this floor I found everything from old furniture to dusty sleds, tobog-

gans, and skis.

What was that! Oh, thank heaven, only my friend the cat. She had

come to guide me through some of her domain.

"Kitty" started to walk across one of the old wooden beams, and I found myself following on hands and knees. I didn't want to let her get out of my sight because more shadows were appearing all around me.

I finally reached the floor after my dangerous journey across the beam. Oops! I found myself on a pile of hay on the bottom floor. Oh well, I thought that I might as well explore down there. I discovered that I had fallen down into a big manger in the room that horses had

probably inhabited. I fought off the cobwebs and finally reached the door. This led into the main part of the barn where I found some old carriages. Off to the right, there was a row of old wooden cow stanchions.

I could just picture the cows that had once been there.

By now it had become quite dark in the barn, and I decided it was time I should leave. There was one more place that I just had to go, though. I raced up the stairs to the place where I had seen another flight of stairs. I carefully found my way up them in the dim light. When I reached the top, I found I was in a little square enclosure with shutters on all four sides. I managed to get one of them open. It seemed as though I could see the whole world from that little cupola! The sun was just setting in the west. It was a perfect picture—one to be remembered.

I noticed the cat also enjoying everything. Sally Lord, '59

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

The snow lay crisp and white on the plains of the North. Far to the east the sun was rising, and a new day of survival began.

To the north, a herd of deer carefully searched the snow-covered ground for food. On the southern part of the plains, a pack of wolves

crept closer and closer to the deer.

Suddenly, a loud piercing howl broke the stillness of the newly born day. It was the hunger cry of the wolves. The hunt for survival had begun. A big, fat, sleek buck came crashing through a thicket and outran the hungry pack of wolves. But, close at his heels, the pack leaped and snarled. Now they were at the buck's side, slashing, ripping his flesh open, and seeking to pull him down.

The largest of the pack sprang at his throat and found success in ripping it open and pulling him down. The buck fell to the ground and sank into the crisp, white snow. The hunt was over and the deer lay

still on the ground.

The sun was rising slowly and beginning, for the herd of deer, a new day for survival in the barren, cold, plains of the North.

Margaret Virr, '59

A MAN'S DECISION

November, 1950. Eight men huddled together on a bleak hillside, waiting

Leo looked around at the tense faces of his companions. Fate had

brought them together.

Red was just a kid, he thought. No more than eighteen. Sam was a farmer from a small Iowa county. Andy and Butch, brothers. Both in their early twenty's like himself. Chief. He had received that title because he was the oldest and most experienced in their group. The army was his career. Larry and Al. They had been drafted together and had been close friends since, although Larry was a serious-looking guy while Al was more the type you would expect to see playing a fast game of college football.

The wind died down leaving only the bone-chilling cold and the low, whining sound of bullets to shatter the silence of the Korean night.

Suddenly a piercing sound vibrated through the air. Chief looked from behind the debris that served as their shelter. There was no one

out there. The pale light had shown no object, human or otherwise; and yet, there was a tenseness as the men moved back to their original positions. What was this terrible thing that was threatening them? Red

had broken down and was sobbing quietly.

The silence was again broken; this time there was no mistake. The voices, either friends' or enemies', were apparently calling to them. They couldn't answer until they were sure, or their hiding place would be given away. It didn't take long to find out that the voices had the accents of the Chinese Reds.

Listening closely, Chief announced that the Reds wanted them to

give themselves up.

"What do we do, Chief?"

"I think we should stick it out. There's still a chance we'll get help."

A half hour later the Reds issued their ultimatum. They knew the Reds meant business. They promised to be lenient, if the Americans gave themselves up, otherwise they would have to take the consequences.

Chief looked about him. Leo sensed the decisive note in his superior's voice. "I am leaving it up to you. I can't be the one to determine a man's fate. You can decide whether you want to make a break for the

hills, or "

It was all settled. Red, Larry and Al headed for Red territory. The rest gathered their small supplies and began their long course over the

crusted ground.

Leo looked back once to see the three figures making their way toward the faint light on the east hill. He saw them as they reached it. Then, suddenly, his flesh tingled as he heard the hideous cry of the first man that fell. The rising wind stung his face as he made his way through the darkness.

Josephine Bonanno, '57

THE BLIND DATE

Most of us have blind dates sometime or another, but more interesting is the telephone call. Let's look in on one now.

"Hello—oh, hello! Yes, this is Helen. Who is this? An old friend.

How old? Oh, I've never met you.

"Of course I don't like to seem inquisitve but... Oh, you found my number on a matchbook cover. How mysterious!

"What do I do for excitement? I knit. No, I'm not kidding you. "Tonight? Well, it depends. Oh, you'd like to get together.

"Now you want to ask me some questions.

"How old am I? Mentally or physically? Well, I was born after the

Civil War.

"What do I look like? How do you mean that, dead or alive? Well frankly I don't want to be too modest. Oh, you don't really care what I look like.

"How tall am I? Well, I'm no six-footer, and no one has ever called

me a shrimp.

"How much do I weigh? Well, um—um, I don't tip the scales at

300, and I don't exactly hit 98 either.

"You want to know what my eyes look like? I have two of them, and yes, they are both the same color.

"Now comes my hair? Well, I guess I'm not what you would call a brunette, but then again I'm not a blonde. But don't worry. It's

there on my head.

"My nose and mouth? My nose is in the middle of my face, and it has two nostrils, not three. My mouth fits to a 'T', and I have that winning smile. I even have very lovely teeth. Yes, they are permanent, not false.

"I guess that gives you a pretty good idea of what I look like. Now how about you? Normal male. I. Q. over fifteen. How breathtaking.

"Tonight? Well I—I—I guess I can."

"Mother-r-r, I have a date. Of course with a man. His name? I forgot to ask him." Diana McDowell, '59

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

It was a bright Saturday afternoon in the middle of June when a small boy came bobbing down the street like the first robin of spring. Golden yellow ringlets crowned the rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed youth of no more than ten years. He sported a red and brown plaid shirt, which hung open at the neck to reveal a bronzed neck. His blue denim overalls were rolled up to the knee and were covered with multi-colored patches which gave them the appearance of a patch-work quilt.

The world seemed to waken beneath his bare feet which had been hardened by travel over all sorts of terrain. He whistled a merry little tune which radiated his happiness to all who chanced to catch a pass-

ing glimpse of him.

In one hand he clutched an old tomato can with the label partly torn off, the contents of which were three king-sized worms and a handful of sand. In the other hand and flung over his shoulder, was a rudely carved fishing rod made of an old branch. At the end of the rod was fastened a long string which, in turn, was secured to a rusty hook.

There was no such thing as an obstruction to this boy for, to him, fences were made to be jumped, brooks were made to be waded, and trees were made to be climbed. Therefore, after a prolonged journey, he finally reached his destination, a muddy pond surrounded by a thick

maze of foliage.

He squatted upon the bank and prepared his hook. Then, summoning all his energy, he cast his line into the center of the pond. It immediately hooked something and he gave it a sharp pull only to find that, as his first achievement, he had caught an old rubber boot. Disgustedly, he heaved the boot into the thicket and proceeded to bait the hook once more.

But this time the line didn't even leave the shore, for it became entangled in the branches of the maple tree directly above his head. After several desperate tugs the branches finally relinquished their

hold, and the line came flying down, minus the bait.

As a last effort, he baited the hook once again and lay back to dream and anticipate the fish that this attempt was sure to bring. Almost one full hour had passed when it happened. There was a sharp tug on the line, and the boy jumped up to battle it out with his foe. But this fish proved too big for him and, with a giant splash, he was sent sprawling, head first, into the pond.

It was a tired and bedraggled boy who trudged home that evening. but the dampness of his clothes had not dampened his spirit. His disappointment was mingled with pleasure, for now he had lots to tell about the one that got away. Bernice Florin, '56

THE UNPULLED TRIGGER

A quiet mountain stream, a bare-footed boy, and a straight, spotted fawn, the fawn happily drinking, but the boy with a bloody thought shooting through his mind. Although only fourteen years old, his father had not yet consented to his owning or even shooting a gun without "Pop" being around. At the age of eighteen, he had been promised a new gun and his father's consent to hunt by himself.

Before the long awaited day arrived, at the age of seventeen to be exact, he was beckoned by his country to serve in battle. The months that followed were bloody. He got to shoot his gun, but not in the way he'd hoped; he pulled the trigger but not at what he wished. Instead of hunting animals, he tracked people; maybe they were enemies, but

they were still people.

There were days of marching; marching through and over bodies. swimming through blood and guts, kicking aside animal-gnawed bones. the bones of humans. Sometimes the bodies were his buddies'. Always the thought ripped through his tired brain that next it would be he. But the bullet wasn't molded that could get him, as the saying goes. When the war finally was over, home he went, light in heart, still waiting and hoping for the promised fun.

Before going off to war, there had been the fear that he wouldn't be able to pull the trigger on "his" deer. But now, all the times he had killed people made him feel sure that he wouldn't have any trouble

getting his fawn, now a full grown buck.

The time came; the quiet brook was still flowing, but three things were different: the bare-footed boy was a young man, the straight, spotted fawn was a full grown buck, and a gun was present. rifle was raised, the trigger was slightly touched, then released. young man stood up, and the buck bolted off.

The walk home was slow and a confession was made to Pa. The Alan MacQueen, '59

trigger still remains unpulled.

BORED

Della, reclining lazily on the comfortable green and white glider, dropped, with bored indifference, the copy of the magazine she was

reading, on the flagstone terrace floor.

She casually reached for the glass of lemonade on the table beside her. Her mouth puckered up with distaste as she sipped. The ice had melted and the lemonade had become warm. She returned the glass to the table.

She folded her hands in back of her head and gazed skyward. It is abnormally quiet here, she felt. There isn't even a rustle of leaves in the warm stillness.

"Everybody, just everybody, is away," she complained aloud.

Some of her girl friends were away doing camp and hotel work for the summer, and there wasn't a man left in Lawrenceville worth dating.

She thought of the letter that had arrived from her best friend Lyn that morning. Lyn was on a student's tour of Europe this summer. Her tales of fun on the boat were tantalizing.

As her mother had placed the toast on the breakfast table that morning she had asked: "Why are you so moody this morning, Della?"

Della had taken a piece of toast from the plate and buttered it before she had replied, "Bored, just plain bored."

"I hope you haven't let that letter from Lyn upset you," her mother had said as she had sat down at the table to join her daughter.

Della had shrugged her pretty shoulders. What had there been to

say? Lyn was having fun; she wasn't!

Her mother had studied her and thought of all the advantages she had given her by hard work and sacrifice. Maybe I should have let her do a little work to help shoulder the burden along the way, she had thought now. Well, what was done was done, she had told herself. Just one more year of college, and Della would be on her own.

Now, lying here in the stillness, Della could hear her mother's voice through the screen door. She was talking excitedly and louder than usual. Oh, dear, why was it wrong to eavesdrop? But her mother was mentioning her name, and here she was listening to her father replying.

"Now, don't get disturbed, Elsa," she heard her father say to her mother, calmly but distinctly. "Of course, Della is appreciative. Its just a phase all young folks go through. They have to learn the hard way that you have to work for everything in life—for faith, for friendship, and for material things."

Her mother's voice was sharp, conclusive, "And the sooner they

realize it the better off they are."

Della arose from the glider and quietly went out through the garden gate; she couldn't go into the house at this moment. She would walk two blocks to Linden Street and inquire about becoming a playground instructor for the summer. She felt better already.

Sometimes it takes a little while to find one's niche.

Clare Towler, '57

THE OUTLAWS

At first Donald lay still. Scarcely a muscle moved. The boulders and low shrubs screened him from view. His hand gripped the short grass, and his toes dug into the dry earth. Cautiously he raised himself on his elbows, his lasso gripped tightly in his hands, and gazed at the scene below.

There, in his father's unfenced hay flats, was the outlaw band of wild horses. They were grazing quietly on the rich grass. Some were drinking from the small hillside stream. Donald began counting them, but suddenly they began moving and he couldn't get beyond thirty. He thought there might be about two hundred.

Donald crept silently closer. He knew a great deal about that band of horses, but he had never had the good luck to see them, although he had come here every day for a month. They were known over many hundreds of square miles. They had roamed at will over the grain

fields, and they had led away many a domestic horse to the wild life.

Once in that band, a horse was lost to the farm.

There in the flats was the great black stallion, the hero or villain of a hundred tales. Over the far-flung prairie and grass lands there was hardly a boy who had not dreamed of wild rides with the great body of this stallion beneath him.

Donald crept still closer. Maybe he would get the first thrilling ride on this beautiful stallion. There was the stallion now, moving

among the horses with the sureness and ease of a master.

Donald raised his lasso high above his head, ready for the "kill," but as he did so the great black stallion sensed the danger. He cut to the outside of the group. At full gallop he sneaked around the wide circle and, in a second, all the horses were lost in a cloud of dust.

Nancy Whittaker, '56

A SPIDER

I did it. I killed my first insect. You've no idea how good it feels. I came into my room and there, stretched out on a white curtain, was an

enormous thing with a quantity of legs stretched all about it. "Keep calm," I said to myself, and wondered what else I could do. I didn't wonder long, but hurried along to my sister's room. We each armed ourselves with a broom, while I also took a handbroom, just for good measure.

It was still there when we reached the room, and it seemed quite

comfortable. We both felt rather reluctant to move it.

One of us raised her broom as if it were a spear and jabbed. I've got an idea that it wasn't me. But it was me who dropped the handbroom and jumped out of the way. The wretched thing was after me. I remembered my broom, shut my eyes, and brought it down on whateverit-was.

By this time my mother was on the scene. I explained to her rather breathlessly. She smiled just ever so slightly and said briefly as she took my broom, "A spider." Mary Cotter, '56

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

It was a beautiful day in spring. I was sitting on my front porch, trying to decide between two vocations. I would be graduating from high school this year, so it was necessary to find out which one suited

me the best. The two I had chosen were nursing and teaching.

I decided to take a walk and forget about my problems for a while. I walked along, almost in a daze, when I heard a faint scream. I turned around quickly and saw a child, about six years old, kicking and screaming under a tree in a distant field. I rushed to the screaming child and started asking all kinds of questions. She looked pale and weak. I knew she was losing consciousness. I tried to think what to do, recalling some of the things I had learned in First Aid Class when I was a freshman. "Call a doctor."

I ran to a nearby house and asked to use the phone.

With a doctor and ambulance on the way, I again returned to the now unconscious girl. Waiting for the doctor, I kept her warm and her body level.

When the ambulance arrived, I told the driver she had symptoms of concussion, compound fracture of the leg, sunstroke, heat exhaustion,

carbon monoxide poisoning, and was in a state of shock. He looked at

me rather blankly and took her to the hospital. I went with him.

After waiting fifteen minutes, the doctor came in. I ran to him and asked him if my diagnosis had been correct. But, before he could answer, I blurted out that I was thinking of making nursing my profession, and did he think I'd make a good nurse? He looked at me for a moment, and then came out with an emphatic "No!" He bluntly told me that she was a diabetic having a reaction, which is caused by lack of exercise and excessive sweets.

So, here I am today. A student in Boston Teachers' College.

Joan Robertson, '58

GRAVE ON THE HILL

Through softly wind-blown pines the dejected man walked slowly. His feet fell heavily and slowly upon the grassy sunlit slope of the little hill. Reaching its summit, he halted beneath the sheltering arms of the giant oak there. Then, stooping ever so slowly, he knelt beside a grass covered mound at the head of which a great boulder stood. How long he knelt there in silent prayer at that mound can only be reckoned by the hours of the day, for as the moonlight replaced the sun, he rose slowly and, turning on his heels, strode away into the darkness of the night.

Every day since her death it had been this way. At exactly three o'clock in the afternoon he would leave the vine covered home they had shared and come to this place for solace, for a help and comfort he found only here, by her side. He had loved her, given her his all, worshipped her with a desire so fierce and burning that when she had passed away that sunny spring day ten years ago, his grief had written itself upon his heart in glowing letters with the red hot iron of suffering.

And so it went on. His grief became a part of him, consuming, robbing him of any worldly joy. Through rain and hail, sleet and snow he trudged the worn footpath to her resting place. But it was not always

to be.

One day in the spring, a couple hiking through the woodland came upon a great oak, on the other side of which stood a great boulder and before it, a grassy mound laced with shadowy patterns from its oaken guardian above it. Beside and partly on the mound lay the body of a man, his cheeks still wet with the tears he had shed so very few hours ago. His hair was long and unkempt, his clothes ragged and torn, his body wasted and gaunt. Yet there was a smile on his lips, a look of exquisite happiness that told of the joy in his heart as he had joined the travelers to another, far better world.

The young people buried him there beside the other mound, and likewise erected no tombstone, leaving the great boulder to remain in

its place.

So, if by chance you are journeying through a shadowed grove of softly wind-blown pines and find a small worn footpath leading up a grassy, sunlit slope to the summit, where a gnarled and sheltering oak still stands over a boulder, stop a moment and remember this tale of two people who now, in the two mounds before the rock, under the tree, on the summit of the grassy, sunlit, slope, lie in peace and solitude in this, their sanctuary, as the life of the forest goes on above and around them.

Helen Phillips. '59



POET'S CORNER

THE BOSTON RED SOX -- 1956

(To the tune of Honey Babe)

Gonna get some Series stubs, Honey, Honey. Sox are beatin' all the clubs, Babe, Babe. Sox are goin'. Man! they're gone! Boston is a red hot town. Honey, oh, Baby mine.

Go to the Fens, the Fens, the Fens. Go to the Fens, the Fens, the Fens!

Sox are mowin' down their foes, Honey, Honey. Makes me think of old time Hose, Babe, Babe. See the pennant flag in sight, Man! the future sure looks bright! Honey, oh, Baby mine.

Go to the Fens, the Fens, the Fens. Go to the Fens, the Fens, the Fens!

Pinky Higgins is our boy, Honey, Honey. He is Boston's pride and joy, Babe, Babe. 'T weren't for him we'd never be Ridin' on to victory, Honey, oh, Baby mine.

Go to the Fens, the Fens, the Fens. Go to the Fens, the Fens, the Fens!

With Teddy boy back in the fold, Honey, Honey. We'll knock the other teams out cold, Babe, Babe. We've got power, we've got speed, Plenty spirit—Yanks take heed! Honey, oh, Baby mine.

Look ahead! Look ahead! Keep stalwart, men, and look ahead! Pennant's what we're aimin' for, Won't take less and what is more The Series is next on the list.

Yanks are scared of our Bosox Honey, Honey. They ought to be from all those knocks, Babe, Babe. Skinned alive, they bite the dust, Meet their fate and lose their crust. Honey, oh, Baby mine.

Go to the Fens, the Fens, the Fens. Go to the Fens, the Fens, the Fens!

Cleveland don't know what to say, Honey, Honey Chisox ain't seen light of day, Babe, Babe. Kansas, Orioles, and those Nats Went down 'long with DEtroit's Cats, Honey, oh, Baby mine.

Go to the Fens, the Fens, the Fens. Go to the Fens, the Fens, the Fens!

Sox are playing heads-up ball, Honey, Honey. No more cracks about "The Wall," Babe, Babe. Jensen, Piersall, Goodman, Klaus Draw the crowds and pack the house, Honey, oh, Baby mine.

Look ahead! Look ahead! Keep stalwart, men, and look ahead! Pennant's what we're aimin' for, Won't take less and what is more The Series is next on the list.

Louise E. and Helen S. Mooradkanian

SEASON AHEAD

Summer is a high moon. Summer is a sigh. Summer is a bright noon, And the days pass by.

Summer is a wave's pulse. Summer is the sand. Summer is an ice cream cone In a toddler's hand. Summer is eternity. Summer is a day. Summer is a country pool, With the fish at play.

Summer is a ginghamed girl. Summer is a barefoot boy. Summer is the sweet breath Of a lovely passing joy.

Summer is a grazing lamb. Summer is a calling crow. Summer is a corn field, Waving tassels to and fro.

Summer is a pine tree. Summer is a boat. Summer is a wide sky, With a kite afloat.

Summer is a fly to swat. Summer is a screen door's slam. Summer is a happy child, Muddy, digging for a clam.

Summer is a windy day. Summer is a stifling calm. Summer is an ivy itch, and Getting out the soothing balm.

Summer is and summer isn't. What it isn't, I've not said yet. It by far is not a heaven, And it's sometimes cause for fret.

Summer is an awful bother— A bother seeming most exquisite. I would like someone to tell me What we'd ever do without it!

Alice Miller, '57

TO THE TUNE OF "SIXTEEN TONS"

They put me together in 1954, Then I was taken to a hardware store, I was sold to a woman for only a dime, Now in a corner I spend most of my time.

When I am used, I clean the floor Of dust and dirt and a few things more. In the house I clean every room, For I am just an old yellow broom!

A HORRIBLE FATE

Young Kate and Jack Tate,
On a date,
Would skate,
Figure eight,
At a rate,
I must state,
Far too great,
For their weight,
And I hate,
To relate,
They went straight,
To their fate,
Poor Kate and Jack Tate.

Douglas Mayer, '59



TALK OF THE SCHOOL

Congratulations to Helen Phillips, Judith Thornton, Donna Hamilton and Barbara Subatch, winners from our high school in the annual safety poster contest sponsored by the Eclectic Club.

* * * * * * *

Recently Norman Heinze, a three-sport athlete, was presented with a trophy for being the outstanding senior Scholar-Athlete of the year. This is the first time that the North Andover Boosters' Club has presented an award of this type.

Norman was chosen for this honor by the high school faculty and athletic staff.

P. A. H.

* * * * * * *

A new system for buying hot lunches has been put into effect. Now, besides indicating your desire to buy lunch in the morning, you must also obtain a little white disc from your home room teacher. This system eliminates the difficulty of having more pupils show up for lunch than the original number who had indicated they would.

P. A. H.

* * * * * * *

On May 29, the annual Sargent Speaking Contest will be held in the North Andover High School auditorium. The competition is open to any high school student. Judges from Emerson College will decide the winners and distribute the cash prizes. Those who have indicated their intention of participating in the contest include Claire Oskar, Alice Miller, Karin Roebuck, Dorothy Stansel, Susan Roberts, Richard Moody, Louis Detora, and Bette Hart.

J. McD.

On May 12, at the Wood Mill Parking lot in Lawrence, a teen-age Road-e-o was held, and prizes were awarded to those who showed the greatest driving skill. North Andover's entries, who included David McCoy, David Trombly, and Nancy Pendlebury, placed second, fourth, and sixth respectively among the twenty-seven students entered from Greater Lawrence.

J. McD.



RECORD

ASSEMBLIES

On April 22, representatives from the Lawrence Telephone Company explained to an all-school assembly the new dialing system, to be adopted June 3 in our area, which will enable us to call long-distance without dialing operator. Slides illustrating the new system and how to dial correctly were shown.

On April 26, Selectman Arthur Kirk spoke to the school about the annual All-Sports Banquet. The banquet, sponsored each year by the North Andover Boosters' Club, is in honor of all pupils who have taken

part in sports during the current year.

On April 29, Miss Shirley Duncan of Australia entertained us with a lively account of her travels through that country. Miss Duncan and her friend were the first girls ever to take a bicycle trip through Australia.

On May 1, Glen L. Morris, a pilot, gave an interesting lecture entitled "On The Beam." Mr. Morris, with the assistance of Charles Salisbury, illustrated how a pilot can find his way to an airport by means of radio beams. He also told us of some amusing uses for radar.

N. W.

STUDENT COUNCIL

A meeting of the Student Council was held on April 2, 1956, at which five exchange students from Lynn English High School were present. The advisability of having hot lunch tickets and the choice of a school ring, in preference to individual class rings, were discussed. The Council was in favor of both of these ideas.

A second meeting was held May 1, 1956, at which time Dennis Currier, president, distributed student tickets for the All-Sports Banquet, to be sold throughout the school by the members of the Council.

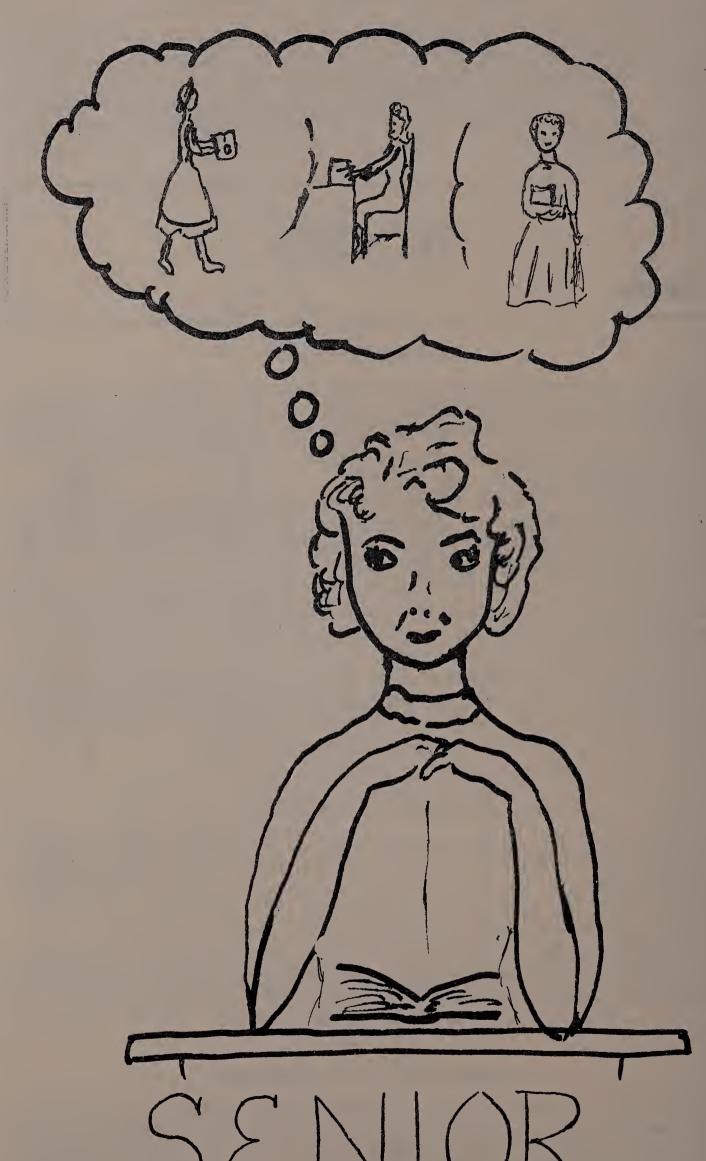
J. A. T.

HONOR SOCIETY REPORT

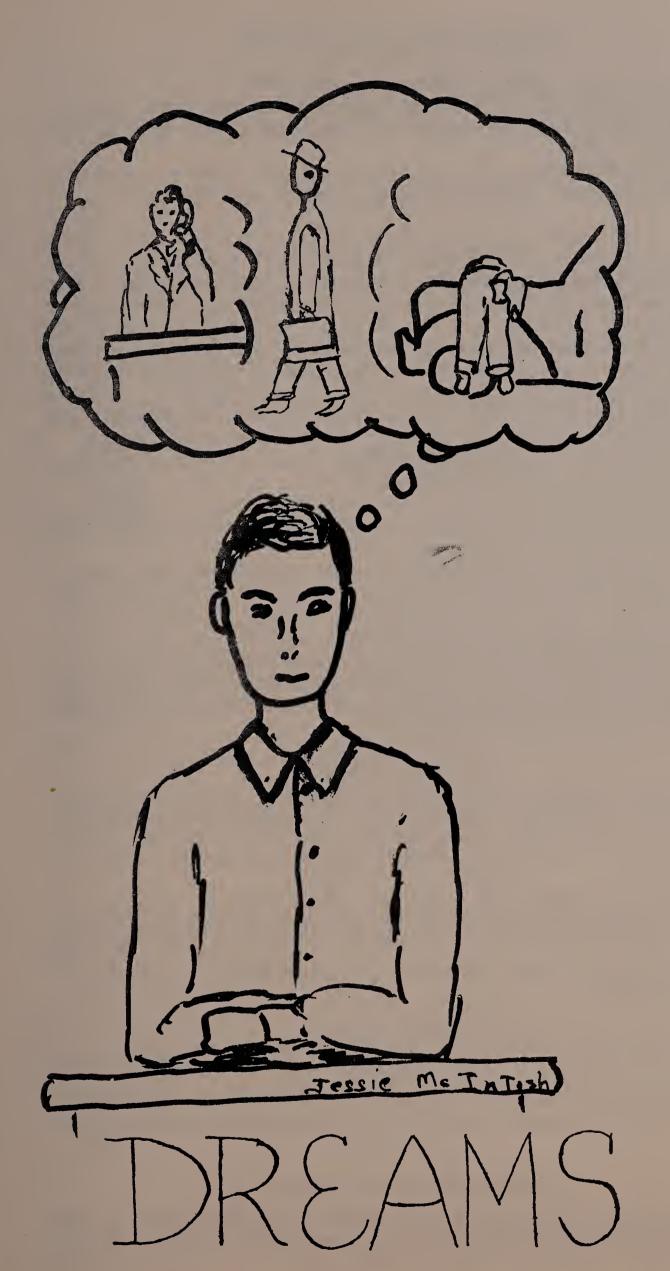
On April 2, the Honor Society held its annual spring induction. The new members taken in at this time were Dorothy Stansel, Joanne Havner, Karin Roebuck, Priscilla Watts, Claire Oskar, and James Valliere.

Several Honor Society students from Lynn English High School were present at this ceremony and took part in the recitation of the Honor Society Pledge together with our own Society members.

N. P.



SENIOR



PROM BENEFIT DANCE

A successful Prom Benefit Dance was held Friday evening, April 27, in the high school gym. Spinning the latest platters was WCCM discipockey Mike Gavin.

We wish to extend our thanks to the evening's chaperones who were Miss Veva Chapman, Miss Buckley, Mr. Lynch, and Mr. Crozier.

J. D.

GUIDANCE REPORT

On March 2, Mrs. Barbara Eaton addressed a group of seniors. Her talk was on the opportunities and courses available at Northeastern

University.

On March 21, Miss Noonan, of the United States Employment Service, spoke before all the seniors. She explained in detail the services rendered by this agency and left aptitude tests to be taken by students wishing to be placed in a job suitable to their ability. Miss Noonan will return to school to discuss the results of this test with each student.

April 6, a group of North Andover High School boys visited the Hav-

erhill Trade School and took a placement test.

Lowell General Hospital held its annual "open house" on April 11. Representatives from the hospital furnished transportation for fresh-

man and sophomore girls from our school.

April 18, Simmons College held its "open house." Karin Roebuck, Kathrin Sztucinski, Gene Sztucinski, Priscilla Watts, Carolyn Fretwell, Joan Robertson, Carole Parker, Nancy Pendlebury, Christine Carney, and Claire Oskar visited the college from our school.

May 1, Mr. Eldredge, personnel director from the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, spoke about job opportunities in business. He told of the various testing programs used in order to place employees in work for which they show aptitude.

J. T. V.

SENIOR CLASS

At a recent assembly, Mr. Hayes announced the graduation honors. Bernice Florin was named valedictorian; Nancy Pendlebury, salutatorian; and Joan McDuffie, class essayist. The seniors elected Charles Hutchins as class orator, and Beverly Nichol and Dennis Currier as class marshals.

Our class also chose Gilda Nardi and Maurice Foulds to write the class will, Nancy Wainwright and Edward Snell to write the class prophecy, and Carol Weigel and Samuel Galvagna to write the class history.

It was decided to hold a bakery sale for the benefit of the senior class in the near future.

C. E. W.

JUNIOR CLASS

Congratulations to Eileen DeBurro and Judy Knightly who were chos-

en as head cheerleaders for the coming year.

Joan Doiron and Pauline Nadeau from our class were also among those selected as cheerleaders and will make a fine addition to the squad.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Congratulations to the three sophomores, Ann Marie Barrett, Jo-Ellen Robertson, and Claire Oskar, who were recently elected to the cheering squad. We know you'll do a fine job. Good wishes are also in order for all the new members of the Honor Society chosen from the sophomore class. They include Karen Roebuck, James Valliere, Priscilla Watts, and Claire Oskar. M. P.

FRESHMAN CLASS

We wish to congratulate Charles Salisbury on his winning the Brooks School Scholarship. We're all very happy for you, Charlie, but we're

sorry to see you go. You've been a fine president for our class.

For the first time in our school's history, we are going to have a school ring instead of individual class rings. The freshman and sophomore classes chose its design at a joint meeting, and are eagerly awaiting its arrival in September.

C. C.



SPORTS

SOFTBALL

At the beginning of May, Miss Dunham called girls' softball practice. Nearly forty girls competed for positions. The following made the team: Nancy West, Melie Kasparian, Audrey Currier, Martha Foster, Sheila Fountain, Pat Casale, Helen Phillips, Bev Donnelly, Joyce Foulds, Flo Legare, Olive Gravel, Dot Paradis, Marilyn Ackroyd, Gilda D'Agata, Earlene Foster, Paula Coates, Stella D'Agata, Carol Kopec, and Charlotte Bullock.

Although our team lost its first two games of the season, team spirit runs high and we hope to enter the winners' ranks soon. T. A. C.

CHEERING SQUAD

From April 24 to 27, cheering practice and tryouts were held in the gym. There was a turnout of about 45 girls for the six vacancies to be filled.

On Thursday of that week eliminations were held, and on Friday the new cheerleaders for the coming year were chosen by the teachers. The following were selected: Joan Doiron and Pauline Nadeau, juniors; Ann Marie Barrett, Claire Oskar, and Jo Ellen Robertson, sophomores. Jane DeVebre, a freshman, was selected as a substitute. Eileen DeBurro and Judy Knightly were chosen as head cheerleaders.

J. K.

BASEBALL

North Andover 27--Tewksbury 0

North Andover High School's baseball team shattered Tewksbury High by the score of 27-0, while shelling two pitchers for their 22 hits and 27 runs.

Ace right-hander Doug Morse held the opposition to just two hits, while his teammates collected five runs in the first, eight in the fourth, six in the sixth, and eight in the seventh.

For the Knights, John Gallant hit a grand slam home run, while Robin Munroe, Normie Heinze, and Doug Morse collected three hits apiece.

North Andover 5--Wilmington 2

The Scarlet Knights chalked up their second straight win of the season behind the two hit chucking of Jack Lyons. The Knights beat Wilmington High by the score of 5-2.

North Andover took a quick 3-0 lead in the first inning and followed it up with single markers in the third and fifth. Meanwhile Wilmington,

picked up single scores in the fourth and seventh.

John Gallant hit his second homer of the season in the third inning of the game, and Mike Byron drove in two runs with a ringing double in the first inning.

North Andover 8--Billerica 6

North Andover chalked up its third consecutive league win, behind

the superb relief pitching of Doug Morse, by the score of 8-6.

George Haigh, who started for the Knights, worked a third of an inning and gave up one run. Morse then came in. Before the side was retired, three more runs were scored. In the bottom half of the first inning the Knights came back with four runs, taking advantage of two errors

and a timely single by Kilcourse.

The remainder of the game was a duel between Morse and Fox. The Knights, hanging on to a slim 6-5 lead going into the seventh inning, finally were assured of the win with a two run burst. With two out, singles by Munroe, Heinze, and Gallant produced the seventh run and then, with the bases loaded the eighth run was scored. Again it was Gallant's hot bat which led the team.

V. B.

TRACK

For the second year, the North Andover squad stepped onto the field to take on the Reading fleets. In this initial start, the Knights received a 61-16 beating.

Only Co-captain Ted Snell captured a winning honor. He was clocked

at 24 seconds flat in the 220 yard dash.

In their second attempt against Newburyport, the Knights walloped the opposition to the tune of 55-22.

Three school marks were shattered in this meet:

Jerry Steinke cracked the old record of 59.8 with 58.6 in the 440, Luke May broke the broad jump record with a 18'11" leap, and Andy Zigelis heaved the 12 lb. shot 38' 7 3/4".

In the meet with rival Punchard High, North Andover took another defeat, 48 1/3 - 29 2/3. Luke May once again shattered his own record

with a leap of 19'2" in the broad jump.

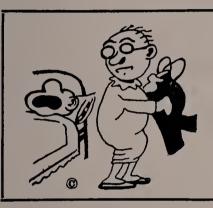
In the Knights' fourth encounter, with the Phillips Academy Jayvee's they were able to take only one first place when John Walvius heaved

the discus 96' for the record at present. Andy Zigelis bettered his former shot put mark with a heave of 40' 11 1/2''. A. Z.

GOLF

A golf team has been re-established at North Andover under the direction of Mr. Vincent. The team has obtained the use of the North Andover Country Club for home matches and practice. Members of the club are Captain-elect Jim Doran, Ray Chadwick, Vic Battaglioli, Martin Smith, Stephen Cohen, Jim McGuire, and Ricky Pinkham.

V. B.



EXCHANGES

Headlight, Marblehead High School, Marblehead, Massachusetts.

Borrowed:

Space gashot air
Martin Mousedumbbell
Burn up the neutronsgo at top speed
Jethead a square
Damp your exhaust shut your mouth
Don't fuse your rocketsalm down
Heavy isotopescrazy
Drinking jet juiceoff the beam
Blast offscram
Blow some meteor dustget lost
By the moons of Jupitergee, whiz
Neptunian gnat lazy lout
Craters of lunafor heaven's sake

Nashua High School Pinups, Nashua High School, Nashua, N. H.

We enjoyed your latest edition of N. H. S. Pinups. It's such a novel idea!

* * * * * * *

Topsinews, Topsfield High School, Topsfield, Massachusetts.

Overheard:

Two women talking: "The thing I hate most about parking a car is that awful sickening crash!"

No one is entirely useless. Even the worst of us can serve as a horrible example.

The Canary, Allentown High School, Allentown, Pennsylvania. Hit Songs Define Life:

Are You Satisfied -- With just a 75.
You Are My Love -- 2:00 p.m. Bell.
It's Too Late Now -- Overdue homework.
Rock and Roll Waltz -- Dancing in gym classes.
Teenage Prayer -- For N. A. H. S. baseball team.

* * * * * * * * *

Aegis, Beverly High School, Beverly, Massachusetts.

Daffynitions

Detour--A road where no turn is left unstoned.

Bumper crop--A bunch of pedestrians.

Hobo--A road's scholar. Infantry--A young tree.

Foul ball--A dance that all chickens attend.

Paradox--Two doctors.

Old age--Hair today--gone tomorrow. Curtain salesman--"Shady" character.

* * * * * * *

Orange and Black, Union College, Barbourville, Kentucky.

Congratulations to two of our former graduates, John Belyea, just appointed Associate Editor of the *Orange and Black*, and Joyce Hamilton chosen Miss F. T. A. (Miss Future Teacher of America). N. A. H. S. is proud of you both.

* * * * * * *

Many thanks to the exchange editors with whom we have traded copies during the past year. We hope you have enjoyed our papers as much as we have enjoyed all of yours.

C. O. and C. P.



HUMOR

"I'm so sorry conductor," apologized the lady passenger, "but I'm afraid my little dog has eaten my ticket."

"In that case madam," replied the conductor, "I suggest you buy him a second helping."

Doctor: Your husband must have absolute quiet. Here is a sleeping pill.

Wife: When do I give it to him? Doctor: You don't, take it yourself!

DAFFYNITIONS

Sunday Drive: Creeping up with the Joneses. Dogmatic: A gun used only by police dogs.

Horse Sense: Stable thinking.

We are indebted to current periodicals for our humor.

CARL W. KNIGHTLY

Johnson High School - 1920

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